The Wellesley Magazine

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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A COMPARISON OF MACBETH AND RASKOLNIKOFF.

YOU are called away for a time from the sunny brightness and seeming happiness of the open air and the every-day world into a dark and gloomy place. On one side, the tall, warrior-like figure of Macbeth faces you. He appears strong, and yet in his face there is the look of a haunted, desperate man; and you almost seem to see him start and tremble, as if at the sound of some ghostly voice, or the sight of some ghostly form. Opposite him stands the tall, pale, emaciated Raskolnikoff. His face is that of a student and of a young man, and yet he looks prematurely old, as if with too much thought and suffering, and there is a frenzied gleam in his dark eyes. Let us attempt a brief comparison of the two,—the giant figure of long ago, from Shakespeare's great tragedy, and the man so truly a product of our own time, the hero of Dostoyevsky's great Russian realistic novel, "Crime and Punishment."

With the history of Macbeth's life and death we are all familiar. With that of Raskolnikoff the case is different; few probably have read "Crime and Punishment," the novel which deals with his life. We must then condense into a very few words the contents of this book of some five hundred pages. It covers only a couple of weeks in the life of this young Russian student, and consists almost entirely of a study of his thoughts, emotions, and impulses previous to, during, and after his murder of the old money-lender and her sister. Raskolnikoff, a young man of only twenty-four, at the time of the story, was enabled, by great self-denial and exertion on the part of his widowed mother and his sister, to leave home and study in the University of St. Petersburg. He was wretchedly poor, but by their aid, and the pittance he could make by tutoring, he would have been able to continue his studies had he not given himself up to discontent, and shut himself up for days at a time in his wretched lodging, neglecting both study and teaching, and brooding over the injustice of his own situation and that of many others in like case. He was a very unusual and very strong character; he had a fine intellect, and great possibilities as an author and a thinker. These powers he realized fully, and, working out a theory of his own, he felt that he had a right to every opportunity for development. His theory was, in brief, that men consist of two classes, the ordinary and the extraordinary; and that the extraordinary have inherently the right to destroy the ordinary, that they may rise, and with their rise benefit humanity. According to this belief he felt himself justified in killing and robbing the old woman, who was notoriously extortionate and miserly, in order that he, by her money, might educate himself and thus advance mankind. Finally he did most brutally commit the murder; but immediately he underwent such a revulsion of feeling, that all his theories as to the necessity and beauty of the act forsook him. He became frenzied, desperate, uncontrolled, even sometimes delirious, until he had betrayed himself to several people. Finally, through the influence of his own state and the pleadings of one poor, noble girl, he confessed his guilt in these words: "It was I who killed, with a hatchet, the old money-lender and her sister Elizabeth; and robbery was my motive."

The brief epilogue tells of his life in Siberia, and his final awakening to a new and better self under the influence of Sonia's love. Such, in barest

outline, is his story; a remarkable one to the casual observer, and still more remarkable to the student who looks beneath the outward appearance and the events, at the awakening of his soul and mind.

There are many lines of thought which might be taken up in comparing Raskolnikoff with Macbeth. The one which is followed in this paper is a study of their likenesses and differences, as results of circumstances and of natural and inborn characteristics,—also the results of their crime upon each.

At the first glance it would seem that there could be little in common between Macbeth, the Scotch chieftain of the eleventh century, and Raskolnikoff, the Russian student of the nineteenth; and yet immediately we think of them as alike in crime, — they both were murderers. Nor is this the only way in which they are connected. They were both men dissatisfied with their lot in life; not, perhaps, for exactly the same reason, but each was determined upon advancing himself by the attainment of something not lawfully his own. With Macbeth it was another's station; with Raskolnikoff, another's money. Neither of them was able to adapt himself to circumstances, — to accept the inevitable, and live his life on that basis. They did not take a sufficiently comprehensive and long view of the complications which would result from their acts to see that defeat and ruin would inevitably overpower them. In foresight, then, they were both deficient, though the cause was not the same.

The marked feature of the play "Macbeth," is the supernatural element contained in it and its effect on the character of Macbeth. This seems perfectly in harmony with the time in which he lived and with his nationality and surroundings; and yet in Raskolnikoff we find equally great superstition, or, more accurately, susceptibility to coincidences. When the witches announce to Macbeth the greatness he is to gain, and Banquo says, "Why do you start, and seem to fear things that do sound so fair?" Macbeth knows it is not because of surprise at the very idea, but rather a superstitious excitement because these creatures confirm in him a purpose he has long cherished. As he says: —

> "This supernatural soliciting
> Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
> Why hath it given me earnest of success,
> Commencing in a truth?

I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature?"

And so because the witches' prophecies agree with his desires, and two of them are fulfilled at once, while an easy opportunity for him to fulfill the last is furnished, he is urged on, and rushes headlong into the crime.

Think now of Raskolnikoff. The murder had been first suggested to him in a subtle guise. At his earliest visit to the money-lender he had acquired a loathing for her, and on leaving her and seating himself in a restaurant he heard two students talking of her. "This alone struck Raskolnikoff as very peculiar. No doubt it was pure chance, but at the moment he was struggling against an impression he could not overcome; this stranger's words came and gave extra force to it." The student told of her riches and her wickedness, and ended by proposing that it would be a good deed to kill her. "'I would kill that damnable old hag, and take all she is possessed of, without any qualm of conscience,' exclaimed the student, excitedly. The officer laughed, but Raskolnikoff shuddered. The words just uttered so strongly echoed his own thoughts. 'Let me put a serious question to you,' resumed the student, more and more excited. 'I have hitherto been joking, but now listen to this.' . . . . 'A dozen families might be saved from hunger, want, ruin, crime, and misery, and all with her money! Kill her, I say; take it from her, and dedicate it to the service of humanity and the general good! What is your opinion? Shall not one little crime be effaced and atoned for by a thousand good deeds?' . . . . Raskolnikoff was in the greatest agitation. Still, there was nothing extraordinary in this conversation; it was not the first time he had heard, only in other forms and on other topics, such ideas from the lips of the young and hot-headed. But why should he, of all men, happen to overhear such a conversation and such ideas, when the very same thoughts were being engendered in himself? And why precisely then, immediately on his becoming possessed of them and on leaving the old woman? Strange, indeed, did this coincidence appear to him. This idle conversation was destined to have a fearful influence on his destiny, extending to the most

trifling incident, and causing him to feel sure he was the instrument of a fixed purpose." He, like Macbeth, long meditated on his plan, when one day he received a letter from his mother which showed how urgently she and his beloved sister needed his help. As the author says, "It was plain now was not the time to grieve, to be passive, and reason on unanswerable questions." One more reason for the crime! But he threw the suggestion off again until, by mere chance, he overheard a conversation in the street which told him just when he would be certain to find the woman alone. From that moment he believed himself "the instrument of some purpose. . . . He felt that now all liberty of action and free will were gone, and everything was irrevocably decided." Enough has been said to show how strong was the belief of both Macbeth and Raskolnikoff in the importance of coincidences.

These murderers possessed a common love of truth. Macbeth, even during his crime, keeps to the truth instinctively. For example, after the murder of the king and before its discovery, when Lenox asks him, "Goes the king hence to-day?" Macbeth replies, "He does." And then remembering the real state of the case adds, to qualify his reply, "He did appoint so." His truth made his face frank and open.

Lady Macbeth, feeling she needs to caution him, says:—

> "Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
> May read strange matters.
> To beguile the time,
> Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
> Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
> But be the serpent under 't."

So, too, Raskolnikoff endeavors always to avoid the necessity of denying his connection with the murder. When accused of it he says: "Remember I have confessed to nothing. Pray do not forget that." His telltale face and actions are continually attracting much attention, and really betray his guilt.

The idea of publicly suffering for their crime was hard to both Macbeth and Raskolnikoff. Macbeth preferred to die rather than

> "To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
> And to be baited with the rabble's curse."

To Raskolnikoff the cross-questionings of inquisitive accusers, and the astonishment of men unable to understand him, is torture.

It does not seem strange that, notwithstanding the wide difference in their surroundings, the effect of the crime should have been much the same upon them both. Murder would necessarily bring upon a man of any age the consequences it brought to them. No sooner is the crime performed than Macbeth knows his peace of mind is forever gone. He does not rejoice in the fact that he will now be king, but says in frenzy:—

> "Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
> Macbeth does murder sleep.' . . .
> Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
> Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

And his prophecy was true, for Lady Macbeth says to him later, "You lack the season of all natures, sleep." So, too, Raskolnikoff is haunted by dreams, visions, delirium, both sleeping and waking, until he reaches the verge of madness.

How each seeks to wash away the telltale blood, to hide all traces of the crime, and yet believes that they can never be effaced,—that they must ever betray him to the world! The anguish is the same to each,—the dread of discovery, the haunting memory of crime. And finally for each comes the culmination,—for Macbeth, death; for Raskolnikoff, exile.

There are more striking differences than likenesses between these men. In the first place, we know them very differently. Macbeth, the center of a drama, we see in action, and, as far as his character goes, merely in outline and suggestion. We cannot follow every phase of his mental state step by step, as we can Raskolnikoff's. But Macbeth, the picturesque, brave, wild Scottish chieftain, is a great contrast to Raskolnikoff, the threadbare, morbid, intellectual student. Macbeth belongs to a type with which we are familiar now only in history; but of Raskolnikoffs we read and hear every day. The former belongs to the past,—to the age of action as opposed to the nineteenth century extreme of introspection.

The situation of the two men is different enough to make their characters very different. Macbeth was rich, powerful, influential, esteemed; while Rodion Raskolnikoff, twice the man intellectually and morally that Macbeth was, had everything to contend against. Poor and obscure, and, ten times

worse, poor and obscure in Russia; and yet, longing in Russia to be something else, he became of necessity thoroughly revolutionary in his ideas.

Macbeth was pre-eminently ambitious. In that fact we find the keynote to all his career of crime. That is the chief, nay, more, the only charge we can at first make against him. He shows his knowledge of himself in the words,

> "I have no spur
> To prick the sides of my intent but only
> Vaulting ambition."

And virtues he had many. I cannot agree with the critics who say that Lady Macbeth showed her real ignorance of his character when she said,

> "Thou wouldst be great;
> Art not without ambition; but without
> The illness should attend it:
> What thou wouldst highly,
> That wouldst thou holily;
> Wouldst not play false,
> And yet wouldst wrongly win."

It seems, rather, that there she truly judges her husband. Ambition, in the same sense of the word, Raskolnikoff did not possess. He was too pessimistic, too indifferent to the world, and too much out of harmony with the existing order of society, to be ambitious for the emoluments of position.

Earlier in this paper it was said that they were alike in a desire to change their lot, but that their reasons were different. Macbeth's reason was selfish ambition; Raskolnikoff's was a perfectly justifiable desire for a better chance in the world. It was his method of seeking the chance which was wrong. He desired earnestly to be a student, to help uplift the world, to do great things, and yet all the time he was dragging down his mother and sister.

One thing which makes Macbeth's crime seem positively ugly is its utter selfishness and baseness. The king had been his friend and benefactor, and he showed his gratitude by killing him. Raskolnikoff owed nothing to the old woman personally, except one's debt to every human being.

Macbeth was noted for his physical bravery. A soldier says, "Brave Macbeth, well he deserves that name." Yet with that great courage he coupled a nervous susceptibility and timidity which were remarkably intense. The sight of the ghost is overpowering to him. He cries to it,—

"What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!"

It seems that all his life he had been particularly sensitive to the supernatural. He tells us,—

"The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
As life were in't."

It was this sensitiveness which, as we have said, led him on to the murder by force of coincidences. After he had committed the first murder this nervousness increased to a perfectly overwhelming and frightful extent. It seems as if conscience, instead of taking the usual form of remorse, punished him by thus distorting and magnifying his imagination as to the dangers surrounding him.

Raskolnikoff does not give one the impression of either physical bravery or cowardice. Simply, bravery is not one of his marked characteristics. But he is stronger than Macbeth in his control over his imagination as far as fear of the supernatural goes. It seems, however, as if the fear which is so appropriate in treating of a man of Macbeth's time, is compensated for in Raskolnikoff's character by his excessive fear of discovery. In this fear he shows the most vivid imagination and the most powerful nervous agitation.

It is very striking to note the different effects which the committal of the first crime has on the two men. Macbeth, when he has killed Duncan, is so anxious to render discovery impossible, and so intensely fearful of it, that he commits murder after murder utterly mercilessly. When once launched on the path he lets nothing stand in his way. His original motive to crime, *i. e.*, his ambition, leads him to all excesses of murder. But Raskolnikoff, when he has committed the murder, is so overcome by the horror of it that he cannot even carry out his immediate purpose in performing the crime; *i. e.*, taking Alena's gold. The jewelry he does take he hides in the

earth away from his sight. His only effort later is to avoid detection, and his attitude toward others is a more kindly one than ever before. This difference seems to show that Macbeth was lacking in the sensitiveness characteristic of Raskolnikoff. Deeds of violence would naturally have been much more familiar to him, but that does not explain all; he lacked the finer feelings which Raskolnikoff naturally possessed to a great degree. Raskolnikoff could never become sufficiently hardened to continue the practice of crime. With all his theories the horror of it was too great for him.

Macbeth's idea of the nature of crime was also quite different from Raskolnikoff's. Macbeth does not claim that it is morally either right or wrong. But he fears it, both because he dreads its effect upon his mind and because he fears the consequences in his life. As he expresses it:—

> "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly: if the assassination
> Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
> With his surcease success; that but this blow
> Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
> But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
> We'ld jump the life to come."

He fears inability to do the work completely; fears they have "scotched the snake, not killed it." Raskolnikoff is a firm believer in his own theory that the extraordinary have the right to kill the ordinary. His only trouble is the doubt whether he is not himself one of the "vermin," and therefore unfitted to kill. For he believes the murder should be turned to good account, and he seems unable to make use of the one he has committed. His purpose in doing it was, he says in one place, to demonstrate that he dared do it, and therefore to show himself superior. "When I committed murder it was not to relieve my mother's misfortunes, nor to devote to the well-being of humanity the power and wealth which, in my opinion, such a deed ought to help me to acquire. No, no; such thoughts were not mine. At that moment I did not in any way care to know if I should benefit anyone, or if I should continue for the remainder of my life a social parasite. Neither was money the main factor in the deed. No; another reason induced me to commit it. I see that now. Understand me: if the past could be recalled, I should most probably not do so again. But, at the time being, I longed to know if I was vermin, like the majority, or a Man, in the full acceptance of the word; whether, in

fact, I had the power to break through obstacles; if I was a timorous creature, or if I had the right—— 'What! the right to kill?' cried Sonia, stupefied. 'Yes, Sonia.'" But at another time, when in a different state of mind, he believed his motive to have been a desire to place himself in a position to help his fellow-men. The truth was, that in his theorizing he had rendered himself incapable of a calm, unbiased view of the matter. As far as thought of the sin of the act went, he honestly did not believe in that in any ordinary sense of the word. But he had more belief in God and a future life than Macbeth.

Macbeth was essentially selfish in his aim. He loved his wife, and included her in all thoughts of success, but we know of no side to his character, nor can we imagine one, corresponding to Raskolnikoff's deep, sincere interest in the suffering of the world around him.

To sum up, then, in a word, the comparison of these two characters, Macbeth is a representation of a class of men living in every age: the men who are not pure villains, like Iago, but who, through the influence of some dominating passion, or because of some moral lack, commit a first crime, are drawn more deeply in, until they say with Macbeth:—

"My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

The only possible outcome of the career of such men is death, either at the hand of justice or revenge, or, maddened and despairing, at their own.

Raskolnikoff represents, on the other hand, a much more unusual type. He is one of those whom circumstances of birth and education, in connection with natural tendencies, place outside the ordinary tenets and limits of society. To them law is not law, justice is not justice, until all things become distorted and they lose all sense of proportion. Then they commit crime until some influence brings them to themselves, and makes possible for them a new life on earth. For Raskolnikoff, the influence was the love of Sonia, and it led him slowly back until he realized in his delirium in Siberia his mistake, and the evil his theories would bring if practiced in the world.

Helen Foss, '94.

THE MOTHER MOON.

'Twas the youngest child of the Mother Moon,
Slender, shivering, shy;
And the hard old stars, with their pitiless eyes,
Looked from the endless sky.

We are lingering there where the river is high,
Marie and I and the moon;
O let not the love of my life pass by!
Let her turn to me tenderly soon.

We are waiting again in the moonlight fair,
While gold fills the delicate ring;
And Love, unbound on the sorrowing air,
Has unfolded his wings to sing.

She is rising heavily old and late;
But the fragrance of incense I offer her still,
For she carries my sorrow away through Earth's gate,
And a little new moon lies over the hill.

FLORENCE ANNETTE WING, '92.

CARL AND I.—A SKETCH.

WE were sailing far out on Nantucket Bay in the Black Ladye. The Black Ladye was a small catboat, painted black, with her name in gilt letters on the stern. The wind was strong, and we cut swiftly through the water, the white spray falling over our boat's side and wetting our hands and faces. Carl held the mainsheet, and I the tiller. We were very young to be out alone,—Carl was fourteen and I thirteen,—but then, we were expert sailors, and knew every trick of the wind and every turn of the current. To-day we were bound for "Eal's Point," a small peninsula of sand, with the sea on one side and the bay on the other, and in the boat's small cabin was a basket filled with a glorious luncheon of sandwiches, chicken, cake, and pickles, and some fish lines and hooks, and a little tin box with unhappy red worms crawling in the sand put there for their comfort. We were going to have a happy, happy time all to ourselves, Carl and I, for the next day I must return to the city.

And so we sped along before the wind, I bravely trying with my small strength to steer in a straight line, and Carl clinging to the mainsheet

with one hand and helping me hold the tiller with the other. At last we neared the shore of "Eal's Point," anchored our boat on the calm side in a small cove, and climbed up the soft, wet, yielding beach to firmer ground. No house nor tree was in sight; only stunted pines, and small huckleberry bushes, and rocks. We sang and laughed with delight as we saw the sun freckling the blue bay, and the white gulls swooping down and dipping their wings in the water; for were we not free to do as we pleased, away from all the rest of the world, alone with each other? For we were old comrades, and ever the best of friends. Carl was tall and strong, with a shock of reddish-yellow hair, a very sunburned nose, and blue, innocent eyes, which now seemed almost colorless in contrast with his tanned skin. I was small for my age, thin and agile; my eyes were darker than his, and my hair lighter, and my nose redder. But Carl said that he liked my face because it always looked happy, and I liked his because it was always kind and good-natured. And, indeed, we both looked the embodiment of happiness and good-nature as I spread our feast on a flat rock covered with sun-dried moss, and Carl untangled the fish lines and stuck the cruel hooks into the little, writhing bodies of the worms. I always made him bait our hooks, for I could not bear to see them suffer, and always hid my head when he did it. But with Carl it was different, for, thought I, boys are made not to mind such things, since some one has to do them.

We spent the first of the afternoon fishing diligently, and then we took our seats on each side of the moss-grown table and ate with increased diligence. But when the shadows began to lengthen, and the waves—having made fast progress in the last two hours—were creeping up almost to our feet and breaking in white foam over the sand, and then quickly retreating to gain more force for a braver advance; when the strong wind had died down, and the whole Point had grown so still that it startled us to hear our own voices, we sat together on the shore, filling our hands with sand and letting it fall through our fingers, looking dreamily over the sea and up at the sky, impressed and awed by the beauty and stillness around us. We were very happy, though we hardly knew why. I think often, even in thoughtless childhood, there will come moments of deeper happiness than gayety and light-heartedness. It was so with Carl and me. We were not thinking very hard; our minds were quite vacant; we were just glad to be

living. At least, I was not thinking, but Carl must have been, for he now broke the silence.

"Berta," he said (I had been christened Roberta, but I disliked the long name, and early refused to be called by it), "Berta, I wish you were a boy."

"Why; do you think I would be nicer?" I was rather hurt that I did not please him as I was.

"O no, not really nicer; but what larks we could have camping out and going in swimming! Girls can't have any fun."

"I wish I was one, too," I answered regretfully. "But you must like me as I am, Carl, or you wouldn't take me sailing."

"I do like you—better than anyone else. You are so awfully plucky. I shall never forget you. You will forget me, though,—girls always forget," and Carl looked as if he had won his wisdom by experience.

"I shall not forget. I shall love you always!"

"O, I know how it will be. This winter you will meet some other boy, and next winter some other, and when you are grown up I will pass you on the street and you won't know me at all. But, will it be so, Berta?" Carl asked anxiously, quickly changing his voice, overcome by his own comfortless picture.

"Indeed, no, Carl. I shall always, always remember." I closed my hands tightly in my vehemence, and my eyes flashed.

After this we were silent again for a long time. The sun had almost set, the air was growing chill, the waves had risen and were noisier. I thought it time to start home, and rose to shake the sand from my clothes.

"Wait, Berta; see what I made yesterday. I cut it out of a ten-cent piece." Carl jumped up, and drew from his pocket a small silver ring. "When we are grown you will marry me? You needn't be a boy for that, you know," with a radiant smile; "and so it will be all right. You will, won't you?"

"O, of course. I shall marry no one else. Is the ring for me?"

"Yes; I want you to wear it, and when I am away you must look at it and think, 'Carl gave it to me. I must not forget him, for he loves me, and we shall soon be married.'"

He spoke very earnestly,—so earnestly that I answered with serious,

half-frightened eyes. "O Carl!" I said, "I do love you, and I shall never forget you," and we sealed our pledge with a right earnest kiss.

It had grown late. We hurriedly gathered our things together in the boat, and started home. Our seriousness had vanished, and we sang all the way. By the time we reached the landing float it was quite dark, and so we raced through the streets and parted at my doorstep. But when he had gone a few yards, and I still stood outside watching him,—for I was going away on the early morning steamer,—he called back, "Berta! remember the ring—don't forget!"

. . . . . .

I wear the ring still. I am quite "grown up" now, and so is Carl. We have not seen each other since, but I do not need the ring to remember. Has Carl forgotten?

DOROTHY ALLEN.

*IN MEMORIAM: HELEN A. SHAFER.

Our world had need of her, but God unrolled
His larger plan, and without word or stir,
Answering glad the Voice that cannot err,
She passed into the silence and His fold.
Soft, mellow sunshine filled the earth with gold
The day she left it. We that dare aver
We live in deeds, not hours, know life, in her,
Was nobly lived ere Psalmist's years were told.

Father, thy will be done! All things are good
Thou sendest us, altho' we think them ill;
And what seems ill, thy plan misunderstood.
We know she walks in brighter, happier ways
To-day than yesterday, so give Thee praise,
And smile thro' tears that mourn our leader still.

MARTHA GAUSE MCCAULLEY, '92.

*Reprinted by request.

A DAY IN CHAUCER'S BOYHOOD.

THE sun shone but dimly on a Christmas day five hundred years ago, as a gay party galloped over the wintry fields of Yorkshire. Leading the company rode the Princess Elizabeth, her black, heavily plumed hat setting off the blond fairness of her face, and her dark velvet gown fluttering in rich folds against the flank of her white palfrey. At her side, ruddy and strong, was her husband, Prince Lionel, clad not in the silks and satins of the courtiers, but in the plain gipoun and hood of gray stuff so much worn by the common people. The Prince was accompanied by his brother, John of Gaunt, whose clear-cut face was framed by the close-fitting cap of the times,—a face not yet marked by the lines which money-getting and money-holding brought to it so soon. Behind the royal party followed a brilliant train of knights and ladies, whom the Christmas season had overtaken at Hatfield, far from the gayeties of the court. Three sturdy yeomen, dressed in coats and hoods of green, who bore strung on their backs the terrible English long bow, rode last in the company,—and yet not last, for at some distance behind them followed, with thoughtful aspect, the Princess' young page, Geoffrey Chaucer.

As he reined in his lithe little mare at the rear of the route, he felt all the dignity of the new red doublet and trunk hose that the Princess had that morning given him. They well became his boyish beauty, and one seeing him could not wonder at the preference which the gentle Princess showed him. His brown hair hung in silken lovelocks on his collar; his small red cap was placed jauntily on the back of his head; and his cheeks were flushed by the sharp wind. He seemed abstracted, but his thoughts were evidently pleasant ones, for there was a sly twinkle of fun in his eye, and he glanced meaningly at the stout yeoman in front of him. Plainly the small page was a joker in his boyish fashion, and the finely waxed bow, the pride of the broad-backed yeoman, was in danger when a diversion occurred.

It was a curious figure which interrupted the mischievous schemes of Geoffrey Chaucer; it was the Lord of Misrule. He was a portly man, with a broad, red face and red beard. He was mounted upon a poor, broken-down hack; but, in spite of the poorness of his mount, he was dressed in truly regal fashion. His robe of mock-ermine was plentifully bespangled with gilt, and on his head was a gilt crown; while his two privy councilors

followed him. Evidently the Lord of Misrule had already tasted too often of the Christmas ale, for his seat was anything but firm; nevertheless, he approached the merry company with great grandeur, and addressed the Prince in the tone which one mighty potentate would employ toward another.

"Your highness," said he, "I have a complaint to offer. Your highness must, of a surety, remember the commandment issued but yestere'en that for all the week each man and maid should show full obedience unto me. Nevertheless hath this lewd youth, Geoffrey Chaucer, the page of your lady, offended me in divers ways and set at naught my authority. He hath openly kissed Gillian, the young handmaiden of your lady; and whilst I sat at meat with these fellows, my councilors, he hath put upon him my robe and crown, and hath made merry among his fellows in mockery of me. In truth, when he hath ended his jollity he hath left my robe and crown in the granary, where, at last, I found them. Now, I pray your lordship to trebly reward him for his misdeeds."

Prince Lionel turned with a frown, for, in truth, this favorite page of his wife's was not dear to him. There rode the demure youth in the rear of the company, with an apprehensive eye fastened upon the poor Lord of Misrule, who, overcome with a sense of his own injuries, was shedding maudlin tears.

"Now, sirrah!" cried the irate Prince Lionel, not glancing at his wife's pleading face, "thy Christmas mummery is over. Go to the turret chamber and stay there until it is my pleasure to see thee. Perchance long thought and hunger will teach thee to mind thy ways. John Bowman, take Master Geoffrey Chaucer to the north turret room, and bar fast the door."

Forth stepped the burly yeoman, and as he grasped tightly Geoffrey's arm, the poor little page looked about for some means of escape. But big John, the bowman, held him fast; and poor Chaucer was led away with blushing cheeks and hanging head, followed by the sly glances and smiles of the ladies in waiting.

Up the narrow, winding stair John Bowman led the yielding boy; away from the merry party, from the Christmas gayeties, from the warmth and the light, into solitude, into somber and angry thought, into the cold grayness of the turret room. The chamber was high and ill-lighted; the

one window cut into the thick stone wall was paned with knotty grayish glass. It contained a heavy wooden bench and a dilapidated wardrobe; otherwise there was no furniture. It was, in fact, the prison room of the castle, where many a refractory page before Geoffrey Chaucer had been placed to await repentance. The door creaked mournfully as the taciturn John Bowman, who had not spoken during the ascent, closed it behind him; the heavy bar sank into its place with a thud, and Geoffrey Chaucer was left to listen to the receding footsteps of the yeoman, — a prisoner.

Down below the festivities went on as gayly as if the poor little page had been there, and now and then the sounds of merriment floated up to him. The great Yule log was borne in upon the shoulders of stalwart servants, carefully put in its place, and lighted; the Lord of Misrule conducted his out-of-door sports, watched from the balconies by the guests; the Christmas dinner was eaten, and the gay maskers had come, made merry before the guests, and had gone again. All down stairs was light and motion.

Chaucer, however, up in his narrow turret room, sat shivering on his hard bench, angry, stubborn, and, more than all, aggrieved. He looked out at the sullen gray landscape with eyes as somber as the sky; looked out until it became too dark to see the occasional snowflake that fluttered aimlessly down. Up from below, into his solitude, came now and then a shout of boisterous laughter, and the blare of music from the merrymakers in the big kitchen; while occasionally a flood of light poured out into the darkness from an opened door. His heart was full of a boy's unreasoning bitterness. He was estimating the distance from his turret window to the ground, and dreaming of making his escape and winning fame in the French wars, when he heard a step outside his door, the bar was softly lifted, the door opened, and Gillian entered.

She bore a big wooden trencher piled with dainties from the Christmas feast, and over her arm hung a long furred cloak of velvet, which Geoffrey recognized at a glance as the Princess' own.

"Geoffrey," she gasped, as her eyes peered into the shadows of the dusky room and espied the crouching figure by the window, "Geoffrey, thou art here? I must needs hasten back, for they will miss me below; but I have brought some of the dainties from the feast and this warm cloak of fur. Prince Lionel is cruel,—cruel to spoil for you the Christmas feast."

She looked distractingly pretty and friendly, this young girl, as she stood there, panting and rosy, with a look of fear in her dark eyes and her brows drawn together in a little frown. Her black skirt, with the white smock embroidered with black, and girdled with a silver-barred ceint of silk, was richly picturesque in the pale light of the candle which she bore; and she seemed to the tired and hungry boy like a rosy flesh-and-blood angel, come from the heaven out of which he was banished to tell him that he was not forgotten there.

The room seemed very gloomy as she hastened away, but she left behind her substantial proof that her entrance had not been a dream; and as Geoffrey wrapped himself in the warm fur mantle and appeased his hunger, life at Hatfield seemed more endurable, and the French wars less inviting.

Downstairs some one had remembered the outcast page besides little Gillian. They were sitting about the blazing yule log in the grand old hall,—the prince and princess, John of Gaunt, and the knights and ladies of the court, when the Princess Elizabeth said, with a little sigh:—

"My page was to have sung to us some of his songs to-night, dear brother. He maketh many ballades and singeth them to his lute. My sweet bird goes to the court with us in the springtime, and there he will sing before the king."

"And prithee, sister, are his songs in truth so seemly?" queried John of Gaunt, ever eager for some new sensation. "Why could he not come down and sing to us, parfay? Brother, he hath full well payed the penalty of his merry jest with the Lord of Misrule."

Prince Lionel smiled indulgently upon his younger brother, and granted his request. Perhaps his heart softened a little at the thought of the merry Geoffrey, a prisoner, hungry and cold, in the dismal turret room. At once John of Gaunt sprang to his feet and hastened from the hall, up the narrow, winding stair to the chamber. Inside his prison Geoffrey heard steps upon the stairs in time to conceal hastily the mantle and trencher in the old wardrobe, so when the door opened he sat in his bright doublet upon his rough bench in an attitude of meditation.

As he looked up and saw there his master's brother, thoughts of some dire punishment to be inflicted upon him filled his mind; but the smiling face of John of Gaunt banished these fears as he came forward with outstretched hand, frank and cordial.

"Come, Master Chaucer; the Prince, my brother, wishes your presence in the hall with the Princess and the ladies. My sister wishes that you sing us some of your merry songs."

John of Gaunt and Geoffrey Chaucer entered the fire-lit hall together, Geoffrey blinking in the brilliancy of the light, and somewhat shamefaced as he greeted the company; but at the kindly welcome of the Princess and the nod of the Prince, the last remains of ill humor faded from his mind, and he became his merry, boyish self again.

Soon his lute was brought forth, and he sang ballad after ballad, while the fire light flickered, now high, now low, sometimes lighting up the tapestry-hung walls and the deep-set windows, the high, carved oaken chairs and the burnished shields upon the walls, now dying down until it left in shadow the slender, graceful figure in the crimson doublet. And the clear voice filled the large hall with soft French ballades and virelais, and with stirring Saxon battle songs. At last Geoffrey Chaucer, tossing back the brown curls from his face, sang a Christmas carol which had shaped itself in his mind during the solitude of the afternoon. It was a simple thing, boyish and crude, but it came from the heart, and as he sang, John of Gaunt leaned to the Princess and said, "Your singer must go to the court, parfay."

The voice ceased, and the great yule log burned lower and lower. The knights and ladies went away to rest, and the Christmas revels were done, but sitting there by the fire until late, the two boys talked eagerly over the present and the future; and if Geoffrey Chaucer had lost the gayeties of the Christmas day, he had gained a life-long friend.

ANNIE F. WILSON, '96.

IN COLLEGE DAYS.

What golden ways,
Those college days,
We rode and rode together!
Leaving behind
The weary grind,
We wheeled away with lightsome mind
From cap and gown,
From student-frown,
Into the autumn weather.

Glowing with sense
Of life intense,
And zest of life wild-hearted,
Above, we knew
The sky was blue,
So on we flew, and on we flew,
The while the air,
A champagne rare,
Our sleeping pulses started.

On, spinning faster,
We saw the aster,
Its frosted purples fling
By wayside wall,
And over all
The woodbine weave its scarlet shawl;
And, dimmed its gold
At touch of cold,
The golden-rod upspring.

On hill-top higher,
A fringe of fire
The sumacs took the breeze.
And Oh, we sighed,
What bliss to ride
Forever this October-tide,
Finding anew
The golden, true
Fabled Hesperides!

Then, musing, slow
We used to go
When distant far from town;
And on the wold
Leaves manifold
Fell, carpeting our way with gold.
How loth they fell
I mind me well,
How sadly circled down!

Or, book in hand,
Through that sweet land
We read the Lotos Eaters,
On every line
October's shine
Shedding a witchery divine;
While wafts unsought
Came, memory-brought,
Of soft Sicilian metres.

Cathedral shades
The woodland glades
Drew down upon our roaming,
As, homeward turned,
The ground we spurned,
While one white star above us burned;
And mystic-sober
Became October
Gray in the quiet gloaming.

Such golden ways,
Those college days,
We rode in sun and breeze;
We left behind
The weary grind,
And wheeled away with lightsome mind,
Finding anew
The golden, true
Fabled Hesperides.

FLORENCE WILKINSON, '92.

CLASS DAY AT ——.

THE sun rose clear on Class Day morning. With the first faint light in the east came the sound of hurrying footsteps and cheerful voices. As the early pedestrian passed the college gates, he knew that preparations for the day had already begun.

Before the sun was high the broad campus presented an attractive picture. The grass was rich and soft, like velvet. The trees swayed a little, and among the branches swung rows of gay lanterns, suggestive of coming festivities. Decorators' wagons, half unloaded, lined the driveways. Groups of men in broad-brimmed hats were stationed in critical attitudes about the grounds, noting the effect of decorative design on hall and dormitory. Here and there a man laden with ferns and laurel came rushing over the green, hurrying to give the finishing touches to his room before the arrival of his friends. There was a light breeze blowing in from the river. The faces of the men were expectant. Dick Hamilton looked at his watch, and whistled, "Promise Me."

"Five minutes before train time," he said; and with a last look at the windows of 9 Worthington, he struck across the campus at an easy, swing-

ing pace, out into the main thoroughfare beyond. Dick Hamilton was a good sort of a fellow, so the other men said,—and they knew. The women who knew him said that he had a taking way. A little girl once said about him that she liked him beeause he was so gentle and ladylike; but she did not mean by that that he was in the least effeminate.

His family lived in California. They had visited him the year before, so were not eoming to see him graduated. He had made a good many friends, however, during his four years' course, and some of them were coming out from town for his Class Day. He was on his way to meet them.

"Hard luck," he observed to himself, "when a fellow hasn't a relative so much as a sixteenth eousin within a thousand miles of him. A fellow wants some one he cares about on his Class Day. 'Twill be sort of a bore," he added, half aloud.

He did not look in the least bored, however, when the train came in a few moments later, and a pleasant party of young people alighted with bright faees and warm greetings. They were laughing, and looked as though they were having a good time.

Dick met his friends gracefully, as was usual with him.

"We will go right up to the rooms," he said. "You won't care for the morning exereises mueh; but there'll be plenty to see, and some good fun this afternoon."

Just then some one touched his arm lightly. He turned, and saw a girl with a large bunch of English violets in her hand. Her eyes were the color of the flowers. She was very pretty.

"I think this is Mr. Hamilton," she said. "I heard your friends speak to you." She had been looking at him earnestly as she spoke. Suddenly she gave him a merry smile.

"Diek, don't you know me?" she eried. "I'm your cousin, Kate Haverland!"

Dick looked at her in a bewildered way. It was very embarrassing. There must be some mistake; but her next words seemed to show there could be none.

"Why, Dick, I would have known you anywhere! You look just as natural, though I haven't seen you for so many years. Don't you remem-

ber the summers at grandfather's, where we used to play together? O, did you miss my letter?"

Dick's friends were looking at him in a surprised way. It was awkward, certainly; but he felt that he must make a break, and say something. Suddenly a light flashed across his mind. "To be sure, how stupid!" he thought. He had sent dozens of complimentaries to his relatives in the West, half of whom he did not know, for he belonged to a large family. His mother had sent him a list of names which he had not even read through, but had hired a fellow to copy them and address the envelopes, for he had been rushed just then. It came to him now that she must be some one who lived nearer than he thought, or had come East on a visit. This passed through his mind very quickly. He even had time to vow he would never be so rash again.

"I hope you will pardon me, Miss Hav—cousin Kate," he said. "You see I missed your letter, and you're—changed so I didn't recognize you at first. But I'm awfully glad to see you. Come, let me introduce you to my friends. Mrs. Campbell, I want you to meet my cousin, Miss Haverland. I haven't seen her since—since—I was a small lad," he added, desperately.

"Very small," said the girl. "You used to try to frighten me by putting June bugs in my hair."

"Did I?" said Dick, thoughtfully. "What a bore I must have been."

If Mrs. Campbell, the jolly chaperone, felt any surprise about this interesting cousin, she was too well bred to show it. She had a happy way of putting people at their ease; and Dick was very grateful to her when he saw how quickly she made his cousin one of the party. The girl's broad, Western accent betrayed her, and Dick felt himself on firm ground when he said, "How long have you been East, cousin Kate?"

"O," she replied, "I forgot that you didn't know anything about me. I told you in the letter. We got here a week ago, mamma and I, and she was so sorry she couldn't come to-day. She had one of her bad headaches. She didn't want me to come alone; but I said it would be all right, we were such old playmates. It was all right, wasn't it?"

She looked up at him wistfully as she spoke.

"Of course it was," he said; "it would have been a great mistake for you not to have come."

Dick wondered very much to which side of the family she belonged. He tried to recall the summers he had spent when a lad at his grandfather's. It was odd she remembered him so well. He wished that the rest of the party would stop talking and let him think. In fact, he wished a number of impossible things during the short walk from the station to the rooms.

The rooms were very homelike. Two of them were his own, and one he had procured for the day. There were a good many pictures on the walls, which could not be called works of art, but they gave the place a cheerful air.

He was a capital host, and his guests were very jolly. The time passed rapidly, and it was not until after luncheon had been served that he had a chance to talk with his cousin, except in a general way. He had been thinking a good deal about her, and the definite conclusion to which he had come was that her hair had an unusually attractive wave. He wondered how she managed it.

There were a few moments before the afternoon exercises, and he was glad of a chance to sit down by her while the others were busy with books and engravings.

"I have been trying to think," he began——

"So have I," said the girl. "You're like yourself, and you're not. But do you know," she went on, "I think you are lots nicer than you used to be!"

Dick smiled. "Was I such a bore, then, when you knew me before?" he said.

"Well, no, not what one would call a bore, exactly. You were well enough, but"——

"But what?" persisted Dick.

"Do you remember the time when grandfather caught us stealing cherries, and gave you a whipping?"

"I remember the last part," said Dick, truthfully.

"Well, and do you remember what you said about me?"

"I stood up for you, didn't I, and said it wasn't your fault?"

"No; you said that if Kate hadn't been such a pig, you wouldn't have got caught any way."

Dick groaned. "Let's talk about something else," he said.

Kate Haverland had also been puzzled that morning. It had been hard

for her to reconcile the graceful young host with the rough little playmate she remembered well. She had not been altogether frank when she had told Dick she would have known him anywhere. She had seen that he was embarrassed, and it had fallen from her lips unthinkingly, but, in the very act of saying it, it had become in a measure true to her; and by the time luncheon was over she had traced to herself the possible development from the angular boy of ten or twelve to the young man with his manner of unstudied ease.

After the reminiscence about the cherries she looked at him in silence. He grew uneasy under her steady gaze. He was a sensitive fellow,—so ridiculously sensitive that it troubled him to think that he had ever made such an ungallant remark about a girl, particularly about his cousin Kate.

He wanted to ask her just how she was his cousin, but he realized that to suggest his ignorance might put her in an unpleasant position. He was absurdly delicate about it, and said nothing.

"I haven't asked about your people yet," she said, at length. "Won't they be here to-day?"

"No," he replied a little regretfully. "It's rather too much of a journey to take for a fellow like me at the end of it."

He thought she looked surprised, but she said quite gently:—

"Perhaps they didn't know how much it would mean to you." Then she laughed as a new thought came to her. "One could never tell whether you were joking or not," she said. "Your eyes are laughing when your voice is quite sober."

Just then some one called Dick away. He had no prominent part in the day's exercises. He would have laughed at the suggestion of such a thing; but he was much in demand, for he was one of those whom everyone wants his friends to meet.

It was late in the afternoon when he came quite breathless to his cousin's side and tossed into her lap a few hard-earned roses,—trophies of one of the contests of the day.

The exercises were nearly over. The orations had been delivered. The class poet had sung his song. Fond mothers had watched their sons with loving pride, while pleased fathers had looked indifferent, and hummed little tunes to themselves constantly.

The day had been beautiful, the enthusiasm intense. Everyone had the indefinable class-day feeling, which expresses itself in a wild desire to throw up one's hat and shout, and in every face was the happy anticipation of the evening, with its charm of twinkling lights among the trees, its gay banquet halls, and the merry dance.

"I managed to get a few flowers," he said, as he dropped into the seat beside her. "You must keep them for luck, you know."

"In memory of my first Class Day," said the girl, with a bright smile.

"The nicest part comes in the evening, you know, when there are the lights, and the music, and everything. O, I wanted to ask you," he went on; "you haven't promised many dances yet, have you, because I want you to save me at least three or four?"

"For old sake's sake, I suppose," she said, laughing. "I'll remember."

The dance was at its height. Clayton Hall, the center of attraction, was gay and beautiful. There was a rich fragrance of flowers in the air. The light tread of the dancers, the murmur of a hundred voices, and the steady rhythm of the music underlying all, made a deep, rushing sound not unlike a river with a strong undercurrent which guides its course to the sea.

Dick Hamilton was dancing with his cousin Kate.

"I'm sorry I've had so little chance to see you all day," he was saying; "but it has been nice to have you here, though I couldn't be with you much."

"I'm very glad I came," she said, simply. "Now that we have met again after so many years, I hope we shall see more of each other. I think it a mistake for families to grow apart as ours have done."

"A very great mistake," said Dick, seriously.

"Of course it isn't so strange after all," Kate continued, "since you are the only one in your family we have ever seen."

Dick was glad for this information. He felt that he was coming nearer the solution of the day's problem. He was about to confess how little he remembered her, that he did not know even where she lived; but at that moment he caught sight of a '94 man whom he knew slightly, who was looking intently at Kate Haverland. It was only an instant before they had whirled by, but during that instant there had been time for a doubt, which was almost certainty, to pass through Dick's mind and leave him confused and irresolute. The dance was over, but he did not speak as he led his partner across the hall.

"Why don't you talk to me?" she said. There was a kind of confidence in her voice. Her face was flushed a little, and her eyes were a deeper violet than before.

Dick hesitated a moment longer. Then he said lightly :—

"I was thinking about something. 'Twas so unusual, you see, it made me quite still. Will you save me the last dance? I believe there are two more."

The last dance was a long one. No one was in a hurry to go. When, finally, the music died away, Dick's party went back to the rooms in Worthington. It was very late when they started for town.

Kate had not expected to stay in the evening; but Mrs. Campbell had urged her to wait and return with them; and as Dick had had a wistful, disappointed look in his eyes when she had said she could not stay, she had decided at last to remain.

"It has all been so beautiful," she said to Dick, as she gave him her hand in parting. "Of course you will come to see us while we are in the city?" She was surprised when Dick evaded her question.

"You are quite sure you are glad you stayed?" he said, earnestly.

"Quite sure," she replied.

"And you know how much I've enjoyed it?" he continued, with curious persistenee.

"It is good of you to say so. I've had such a nice time. Good-bye."

Dick stood looking at the car until it disappeared into the night. Then he turned and walked slowly away.

The next day he wrote a letter. When it was finished he leaned back with a relieved sigh. The letter was as follows :—

My dear Miss Haverland :

I want to tell you again what a pleasure it was to me to have you at my Class Day. I was feeling a trifle blue when I saw the other fellows' mothers and sisters coming, and realized that mine were three thousand miles away. Things looked brighter after you came.

But there is something I must tell you, which I am sure will explain many things.

There is a Richard Leigh Hamilton, also a '94 man, who tells me he has a cousin Miss Haverland, and who also says that he used to be called Dick when he

was a lad at home. Here he has always gone by his middle name. It was a very natural mistake for you to make. You hadn't seen him for years; I was Dick Hamilton, and you thought I was your cousin. I forgive you for what you said about my looking natural. It happened that he was a little late for the train yesterday morning, and just missed you. He didn't see you until evening, and then he was not sure it was you.

But I have a confession to make. At the dance in Clayton I saw Leigh Hamilton looking at you in an odd way, as if he had seen you somewhere before. It flashed across me then that you had mistaken me for him, and that you ought by good rights to be his guest.

You want to know why I didn't tell you at once? Well, possibly because I thought it would be awkward for you to discover right there that I wasn't your cousin,—in fact, that you didn't know who I was; or possibly it was because I feared he might be pretty well cut up about it himself; and possibly, just possibly, you know, it was because I was selfish enough to want that last dance with you. It was only two before the last that I saw him.

I have told you all now. I am afraid you are very angry with me. I think, after all, I should have told you before, but I didn't have the courage.

If the day was in any way pleasant to you, I ask you for the sake of the day itself, which was one of the brightest of my college life and will be longest remembered, to forget whatever unpleasantness you may feel toward me, and let me remain, Very cordially yours,

GEORGE DICKINSON HAMILTON.

It was two days later when Dick received the following reply:—

To MR. GEORGE DICKINSON HAMILTON:

You are quite right in supposing me to be indignant at the deception practiced upon me. How am I to know that it was only at the end of the day that you discovered my mistake? Do you realize not only that it was very bad form to let me go away under a false impression about you, but that it will put me in a very trying place when my friends know about it? Possibly you think they need not know. That is not my way. I shall tell them.

I did enjoy Class Day. You were very good to me; but after what has happened I cannot feel sincerely grateful to you. I have thrown away the flowers you gave me.

KATE HAVERLAND.

When Dick had read the note he sat quite still for a long time. It did not occur to him that there was anything childish in this exhibition of anger

and wounded pride. Neither did he have a proper realization of the fact that he had been guilty of bad form. He was hurt that she had thrown away the flowers.

It was nearly three months later, when the drowsy August days had given place to a cool September, that Leigh Hamilton and his cousin Kate Haverland were sitting on the broad piazza of the Frontenac, among the Catskills. Kate had laid aside the book she had been reading, and was listening idly while her cousin related story after story of his college days.

"By Jove, Kate," he said suddenly, "that was a rascally mean trick my namesake Hamilton played on me, though. The prettiest girl in Clayton, and I never had a dance with you! He's a mean —— What's the matter, Kate?"

Kate Haverland stood before him, her eyes flashing a dark light.

"Leigh Hamilton," she said, "let me never hear you speak in disrespectful terms of a friend of mine again! Mr. Hamilton did nothing but what any gentleman in his place must have done. I liked him very much. I never had such a good time in my life as I had that day; and while I think of it, I heard him say he was to be at Sterling this month for the hunting, and I am going to send him a note to come over and call.

JOSEPHINE BATCHELDER, '96.

A LAKE LULLABY.

Slowly drifting, slowly drifting, while the sun's last rays are sifting
Through the branches, dimly outlined 'gainst the summer evening sky;
Till the stealthy creeping twilight brings soft shadows from the night;
Lullaby, sweet lullaby.

Gently gliding, gently gliding, unseen power the boat is guiding
Into sheltered coves and inlets, where the waters stiller lie;
Rocking with a dreamy motion, better than a sleeping potion,
Lullaby, sweet lullaby.

Softly falling, softly lifting are the waters ever shifting,—
Shifting as the restless fancies that in sleep are flickering by;
Till the stealthy creeping twilight brings soft shadows from the night,
Lullaby, sweet lullaby.

'94.

AT THE BURNING OF THE BANNER MILLS.

They had forgotten that her name was Eugenie, and everyone called her "Jean." Her face wore that peculiar pallor which comes from the heated mill room; and her eyes and hair, by contrast, were very dark indeed. Every line of her thin little features, and every gesture of her thinner hands, was French.

She stood at the corner of Winslow's Lane. In front of her loomed the dark walls of the Gingham Mill, and the outlines of a tenement house rose tall and grim behind. Jean drew her shawl up under her chin and looked far down the street.

The lights of the mills were darkened, and groups of loafers here and there were scattered along the sidewalks. Presently a man crossed the railroad bridge, and turned listlessly toward the corner. "Jean," said he. Jean tucked one thin hand under his arm and smiled. Between these two there was no need for words.

They walked together for a space in silence; and when, at last, one spoke, it was to say very quietly, "They tell me the Banner Mills will shut down to-morrow night." Jean sighed; and the man's face, before quite passive, flushed suddenly an angry red. "If the Banner Mills close to-morrow night, they will never open again," he said, between his teeth; but Jean pulled upon his sleeve, and he was still. Past the tall tenements they went, past row upon row of dreary lodging houses, down in the very heart of Winslow's Lane, to the dingy little house they called "home."

It was not until the afternoon of the following day that Jean heard the news for truth. Then it came with dreary significance: "The Banner Mills have closed." "Where is Louis?" asked she, over and over, as one by one his friends passed by her on their way home from work. "Guess he'll be along soon; he's thrown out with the rest of us," said one, and Jean stood patiently waiting. "He is afraid to come home and tell me," she thought in her heart; and at intervals all that afternoon, the longest afternoon in Jean's whole life, she ran up to the corner, gazed wistfully down the dusty street, and as wistfully returned. Once as she made her pilgrimage a wan-faced woman stopped her. The woman was tall and stern-

featured; her lips had a eynical curve. "Credit all gone at the groeery," she said. "Can't get so mueh as a quart of flour unless ye ean show yer cash. They're sorry," she added, bitterly; "leastways that's what they say." Jean put out a eomforting little hand, but her smile was very faint. She had grown paler, had Jean, in that afternoon. Her eyes were beginning to look wide and strained. Her breath eame almost like a sob. "I wouldn't mind," she sighed to herself, "if Louis would only eome."

Supper time drew near, and passed. The streets were full of angry men and women, some who had long been out of work, and others who had but just now been turned away by the elosing of the Banner Mills. Although it was September, the heat was almost unbearable, and the babel in the houses behind her made Jean's head begin to whirl. She stood at the same old corner. Her red shawl, whieh she wore from habit, was twisted pieturesquely about her head; she did not realize its heat. She was looking, as usual, for Louis; but among the little groups whieh erossed the railroad bridge he never came.

The sun went down, and the sky quite lost its red. The darkness thickened, and all the stars came out. The streets grew slowly still, and half the first stars set.

At one o'clock in the morning the night watchman at the Banner Mills would have told you all was well. At two o'elock the rear part of the boiler room was all enveloped with flames. The firebells rang, and the whistles from the different mills were rousing the sleeping town. A woman at the corner of Winslow's Lane raised a weary head to hear. She looked across the railroad bridge, and beyond it to the falls. "The Banner Mills!" said she; and the words seemed ringing in her ear, "If the Banner Mills close to-morrow night, they will never open again."

Where was Louis? Jean put both hands up over her eyes to shut out a horrible thought. She picked up the shawl, whieh had fallen at her feet, and sped swiftly down the road. Already the people were thronging, and the fire engines had come. Jean slipped between the trucks and rubbish-heaps until she could see the mill buildings. They stood on a little island about twenty feet from the shore, and a wooden bridge served as eommunication with the broader streets near the bank. A slight railing ran along either side of the bridgeway as a guard against the treaeherous edge, and

all along these railings were perched little half-clad urchins, while here and there against the sky rose the taller shape of a man. Young girls with their eyes still dark with sleep and with their hair braided down their backs, sweet-faced women, and rough mill hands, alike were ranged along the shore. Friends of the owners and the overseers, friends of the laborers and the watchmen,—half the city had risen from their beds to give attendance to such a scene. Jean stood at about a yard from the bridge and looked. Her eyes were searching restlessly for a figure that they knew. At one side she could see the anxious faces of the manager's wife and daughters as they stood there, a forlorn little group. It hurt Jean to see them there.

The fire was rising higher and higher, and the walls were beginning to fall in. The skies in a circle above them were flushed a brilliant red. Jean leaned back heavily against a pile of bricks. It seemed to her for a moment that she was not really living. She saw the heavy wagons go toiling by, with load upon load of machinery. She heard the shouts of the firemen, and the hiss of the slender streams of water which fell upon the flames.

It must be that Louis had done it all, or else he would have come home. Why couldn't she stop loving him now? Her sight grew quite dim for the merciful tears, and all the world about her was like one sheet of flame.

"Why, Jean!" Some one had come down the bridgeway to the little figure beside the bricks, and some one had put a strong hand upon Jean's shoulder to turn her from the light. He pulled up one rough shirt sleeve to show a blistered wrist. "Couldn't help it," he began with a half laugh, which stopped as he saw her face. Her eyes did not seem to know him. "Where have you been?" she whispered, while her hand tightened upon his arm. "At the fire," he answered wonderingly. "I told you last night there'd be some such work as this, and I didn't dare come home. I kept watch all the afternoon, and to-night at one o'clock I chased one crowd away. They found me on the lookout here, and did'nt dare go on because they knew I'd peach. I followed them along down the road a piece, and by the time I got back here again the mischief was under way. I have been working with the machinery; but the most of it is out now, and I guess I can be spared. Why, Jean!" He ended just as he had begun, for the girl had

dropped down among the brick-heaps, and her shoulders were shaking with sobs. He lifted her bodily into his arms and carried her into the dark. "You're worried, Dear heart," he whispered. "But we shall be sure to get along; it isn't as though there were more of us. It is only you and I." And the eyes that looked up at him had nothing in them but faith.

LILLIAN QUINBY.

AN INTERPRETER OF LIFE IN ART.

THE spirit of an artist is known by the life which his work creates in the mind of humanity. Raphael paints the ideal motherhood, Michael Angelo sculptures the ideal poise and efficiency of the Lords of Life, Reynolds pictures the ideal of human childhood. Let the great conceptions be placed where they may meet the eyes of the generations of men who are coming to and from the conflicts that determine the issues of human life, the lordliness of Michael Angelo's David, the triumphing love of Raphael's Sistine Mary, the confiding simplicity of Reynolds's Strawberry Girl, by the subtle influence of true Art, will be born into the heart of humanity.

The organic relation through which the various and apparently far-separated members are united in the human race, is in no function more clearly manifested than in the mutual serving between the artist who wrought in some past age, and the interpreter who makes the message of the artist of past history intelligible to the present generation. It is the love for the same ideals which brings into close sympathy and mutual helpfulness two members of the human family remote from each other by lapse of centuries, differing by that wide variance of custom and language which separates the nations as the inexorable oceans separate the lands on which they dwell.

An eminent interpreter of phases of life found among the intricate and complex society inhabiting our ancient palace of human nature, presents a life which may be found by anyone who is willing, for the sake of his ideal, to climb to the highest possibility of efficiency in his nature. It is a life dwelling in the firm tower of human faith, far above the city of the actual human race. The artist whose gratifying presence is, with less effort,

attained by the warm impulses of human nature, interpreting the standpoint from which this lover of the ideal life views the confusion and fret of worldly ambition, exclaims, "You breathe sweet air above all the evil scents of Rome; and even so, in your maiden elevation, you dwell above our vanities and passions, our moral dust and mud, with the doves and angels for your nearest neighbors." From this unusual position, a habitation of the pure spirit, overlooking the historic city of great Art, Hilda had found her womanly way to serve the ideal already discovered and pictured forth by the old masters. Before she had come to Rome, she had produced some original sketches of such artistic merit as to win high appreciation from men of taste in her native land. Her earlier dreams had been of winning a place among artists by developing her power to embody her own original conceptions in forms and colors that should delight all beholders. But since the works of the mighty old masters had dawned into her reverent mind, she had been so filled with conceiving the beauty and glory revealed to her through their painting, that the strong enthusiasm for repeating the word of their life had crowded out that earlier ambition. Out of her loving appreciation for Raphael had been born a skill for interpreting his meanings, such as is never attained by those who try to reproduce his pictures by exact copying of their surface.

This spirit of loyalty to the great revelations of ideal life in Art, seems to constitute the peculiar charm of the beautiful new book* that comes to us as a refreshing word from one whose inspiring voice we have missed of late years from our college corps. We had news of her recovering health; we felt comfort in her accepting an appointment to serve on our board of trustees, through the vote of our host of alumnæ; but we were still perplexed that her desire to return to the responsibilities of a college teacher does not revive with her increasing strength. Now the truth becomes clearly apparent, the fact which has been imperceptibly dawning, as her frequent contributions to the current literature have come to us, published in a variety of magazines and papers. She has found her work in a broader field. She went to Rome to study for her master's degree; the Art of the great masters has kindled in her heart also an enthusiasm, which seeks to give to the multitudes, the ideals of great Art. Her experience verifies Hawthorne's Hilda as an actual type,

*Child Life in Art. Estelle M. Hurll. Publishers, Joseph Knight Company, Boston.

a real form of human efficiency, which may be developed by the fire of enthusiasm.

The sculptor Kenyon, who takes the role of the Philosopher in Hawthorne's drama, seeking to place before himself, as a clearly distinguished reality, the power which he felt in Hilda's life, sculptured a portrait of her beautiful hand. The ideal reviewer of our Estelle Hurll's* first book would, with the true sculptor's tenderness and fidelity, show to any who may read her book seeking merely to gratify an æsthetic taste, through the many lovely pictures and the attractive style which decorates the volume, the deeper purpose which holds and guides the author's discriminating pen. As Kenyon showed to the attractive but unsatisfying Miriam the trained hand, which can interpret for man that wisdom of the heart which will reach and touch all humanity, let our philosophy suggest to us how Miss Hurll's practical training, in adapting lectures on ethics and psychology to the apprehension of the multitudes of Wellesley Freshmen, wrought in her that insight and sympathy which will not be satisfied till she has searched out the forms of expression through which the truth which her pen would offer may be felt by the multitudes whom the press reaches through its current publications. Our eager interpreter was quick to discover that the world of authors and publishers, editors and public, is governed by organic laws, which must be obeyed by every writer who will win a permanent influence through the current literature of his time. In searching the mind of the people who read, in order that her address may be fitted to their forms of thinking, she finds them associated in certain groups, indicated by the subscription lists of the various magazines and newspapers. So she is led to study the function of these differing publications. She examines in turn editors, subscribers, contributors. As she considers the succession and variety of the articles issued by a particular magazine in past months, gradually the principles determining the editorial selection are comprehended. Then the question, "What are the tastes and motives in common that have grouped these people as readers of this paper?" begins to be answered. Such studies, when sustained by a brave and sympathetic spirit, must develop an author who can find how to come into touch with his own audience,—with those to whom his message really is addressed.

*Child Life in Art. Estelle M. Hurll. Publishers, Joseph Knight Company, Boston.

"Child Life in Art" offers such clear and simple chapters about artists who have interpreted child life, we are reminded of a criticism that was current among Miss Hurll's pupils at Wellesley: that she presented Philosophy in such easy explanations and such plain illustrations, that she really neglected to show her learning. The same characteristic appears in her literary style; she does not find any relevancy in introducing her learning when that is not the theme of her discourse. Intent upon the vision of life which has been revealed to her through a picture, her mind cannot rest until she has formed a clear conception of the artistic spirit who is the created creator of the lovely Art embodiment. In this book the aim is to show us the ideals of the artists who have served in forming her own conception of ideal childhood. Her reader is led through pages delightfully illustrated by reproductions from the pictures which best characterize each artist in his power to paint some phase of child life. When we have read the book through, and turn to look it over critically, in order to select the points that we would have put otherwise, we see that the chapters develop and follow each other as by natural evolution. The ideal type proposed in the idealized portraits by Reynolds, appears persisting in some phase in spite of adverse or obscuring circumstances. The child angels, with beautiful appropriateness, herald the chapter that presents the artists of the Christ child. Nothing could more appropriately close this presentation of the great theme than the ideal closing of the childhood of the Christ in the Dispute in the Temple, painted by Heinrich Hofmann in our own time.

Anne Eugenia Morgan.

EDITORIALS.

On our return this year we have found two causes for rejoicing. Busy hands have been at work during the summer, and the result of that work is seen in the science building, which will soon be ready for use; and also in the new cottage, which will accommodate thirty girls. The new house is known as The Fiske, and was built through the generosity of Mrs. Joseph Fiske, of Boston. It means much more to the College than simply providing room on the grounds for thirty new students. The house is conducted on the same plan as The Eliot, and thus gives advantages to girls who are willing to do what is possible to help themselves in getting an education.

As college students we look not only with interest, but with delight, upon each attempt which is made to place better opportunities for work within our reach. The science building which is being erected is a great addition to the college equipment. Everyone who has known anything of the disadvantages under which some of our science departments have worked, will realize that, when the new building has been completed, a long-felt need will be supplied. Those who have worked in the small and gloomy laboratories which have hitherto been the home of the Chemistry department, will perhaps feel the keenest appreciation of the new building.

Never has so much attention been paid as now to general culture, to symmetrical education. The youth of to-day, instead of being set to write hexameters in Latin and in Greek, are made familiar with the best literature of their own language, and are taught so to study out the various allusions, historical and classical, that the one study of literature opens up widely different paths of knowledge. An interesting study of this system, and one which would prove its real success, might be made from the examinations for entrance to our various colleges. Odd bits of information which are new to us might at the same time be gathered. The following instructive answers, which brought the matter to our notice, were actually given during the entrance examinations in one of our large universities.

In answer to a question requiring a quotation of ten lines from the "Ancient Mariner," one student started off boldly with,

> "I am a cook, and a captain bold,
> And the mate of the Nancy brig,"

and gave the first twelve lines of this stirring ballad. Another quoted a familiar passage as follows:—

> "He prayeth well who loveth well
> All things both great and small:
> He loveth best, who prayeth daily
> For the god who made us all."

A second question asked explanation of the italicized words in a brief quotation from Tennyson's "Princess."

> "Like those three stars of the *airy Giant's* zone,
> That glitter burnish'd by the frosty dark;
> And as the fiery *Sirius* alters hue,
> And *bickers* into red and emerald, shone
> Their *morions*, washed with morning, as they came.
> And highest among the statues, statue-like,
> Between a *cymbal'd Miriam* and a *Jael*,
> With *Psyche's* babe, was *Ida* watching us."

The "airy Giant's zone" was explained as O'Brien's belt; "Sirius," as the sun (this answer was very general). "Morions" were rays; "cymbal'd" was shown to be "a contraction for cymbalized, meaning made to resemble"; and "Ida" was Mount Ida, with "Psyche's babe," a smaller mountain near by. It was in regard to "Miriam" and "Jael" that the greatest difference of opinion prevailed. They were variously described as columns, statues, soldiers. Miriam, according to one, was a hugh (huge) woman, who usually stood on one side of Ida, while Jael was another sort of woman who stood on the other side. In another paper Miriam and Jael were fabulous monsters of antiquity, between whose statues on the wall Ida stood.

It is to be hoped that some one will yet have courage to make a scientific investigation of this whole subject, and to give us a truly instructive treatise on "Literature as She Is Taught."

In our wanderings during these summer months, we have met many college youths and maidens, and we have noticed the strong stamp with which certain institutions impress their members. From one part of the country come the world-weary *savants*, with languid movements and satiric sneers. Proverbial luck beams from the faces of another class; it is seen in the curve of their eyebrows, in the twist of their cravats. Again, we meet the workers, earnest and steady, but perhaps unpolished and lacking in worldly lore.

It would seem that, with increasing years, a college approaches nearer and nearer to the organic state; the whole is but an assemblage of parts, all working for a common end, each part bearing likeness to the whole. If this be so, it may be want of development, or perhaps the prejudiced eye of one of the "parts," which prevents the discovery of Wellesley's special characteristic. Some day, however, it will be distinct and strong, and in the forming of it we shall each have our share.

Although the intricacies of social and political questions have made the newspaper vie in popularity with the summer novel, we must have noticed that, during the past three months, an unusually large number of good stories has been offered to the rapacious reading public. In fiction, we are told that there has been a constantly increasing demand for romance. Such books as the "Ebb-tide," the "Prisoner of Zenda," the stirring tales of Stanley J. Weyman, and the "Jungle Book," have found most enthusiastic admirers; but the story which has come nearest to our hearts is that bewitching "Trilby." The simple, light-hearted little narrative, with its wonderful tenderness and pathos, has been a favorite with reviewers, since one cannot lay it aside without making a complete surrender to the naïve, girlish heroine and her loyal artist comrades. The whole atmosphere of the book is so healthy and optimistic that we must be better for this glimpse of art and friendship in the Latin quarter.

The Magazine, as it enters upon the third year of its history, extends a greeting to all, and hopes it may find the friends and warm support it has had in the past.

FREE PRESS.

At this, the beginning of a new college year, the members of the Wellesley College Christian Association would give to all a word of cordial greeting. Feeling that membership in this Association is helpful to those who join, and realizing that a large portion of the students did not identify themselves with this work last year, we wish to make an urgent request that each member of the College will consider the question of uniting with us. Those who have engaged in church work at home will no doubt wish to keep up their interest and give their help in the philanthropic, missionary, and temperance work which come under the direction of the Christian Association. Unlike many of the college organizations, the Christian Association makes but few demands upon the time of the students; and yet, by dividing the work among many, a great deal may be accomplished. We need your help and co-operation, and feel sure the membership will be a blessing to you.

Cornelia Huntington, *President.*
Alethea Ledyard, *Chairman Reception Committee.*

It has been supposed that parliamentary law was intended to save time in all assemblies in which it was properly used, by requiring that the work to be done should be performed according to given forms; some logical brain having arranged these so as not to interfere with one another, and yet bring the greatest dispatch to the greatest number in the least time. Still, it is surprising that there should be carefully added to the By-laws of class and society constitutions that "Robert's Rules of Order shall decide all parliamentary questions." Is it to satisfy the requirements of Academic Council, and so obtain a constitution at any cost? Judging from the contradictory rulings in class and society, it might well be surmised that either this By-law is a dead letter, or that there are several editions of Robert's Rules in use. There is a college tradition which goeth after this wise: Once upon a time a Freshman class gathered together for organization, and the motion made that the member who had called the meeting should be made chairman. The chair put the motion: "All those who want me for chairman, say aye." "All those who don't want me for chairman, say no." A few noes resulted. "It

is so nearly unanimous that we will call it unanimous!" It has even been whispered that two college organizations of to-day vote at their annual elections to *suspend* their *constitution!*

If the question of this year is to be where to cut down class or academic work so as to prevent the nervous rush of the past, it would be well to consider the time that could be saved in any meeting when each member knows at least the fundamental principles governing its operations. Not only can the assembly as a whole avoid humiliating mistakes, but the intricate results of the original blunder, which take so long to unravel and straighten out, will be done away with. Furthermore, each member of the assembly will no longer hesitate, from her uncertain knowledge, to make her motion and to offer her resolution, and thus the tiresome waiting for some bold spirit to hazard all and say something, will be a thing of the past. It may be suggested that Robert's Rules of Order is not an educational primer in parliamentary law, but, on the contrary, presupposes knowledge of a definite sort on the part of the student. And here comes the question of how best to secure this knowledge. Can arrangements be made for a short series of lectures which the student could attend, or shall each one, with her college student's ability, puzzle out the matter for herself?

E. H. Y., '96.

THE belief that our College Freshmen should be firmly established in wise paths, is manifested by the lavish advice administered in Tree Day speeches and "Legendas." It seems, however, a great pity that printed suggestions should be reserved till such late date, when Freshman habits are pretty well formed, and the border land of Sophomore self-satisfaction lies perilously near. It is to the Freshmen, therefore, at the beginning of their course, that an alumna would offer a maxim as difficult to practice as it is easy to state — "*Don't worry.*" Realize perfectly the nature of whatever you have to do, allow ample time and brain force for its accomplishment, follow out your plan to the best of your ability, but, as you value success, crush out of existence the least inclination to be anxious over results. It yet remains to be shown that in any instance *worry* made a duty easier, a burden lighter, or attainment more assured; in numberless cases, however, it has turned life into a wilderness, and subtracted cruelly from the health and buoyancy which were birthrights too precious to be thus lightly bar-

gained away. If, from over-conscientiousness or confirmed melancholia, you take a certain sad satisfaction in worrying, leave college as soon as possible, unless bent on giving the fiend a death-grapple at earliest opportunity. One year the writer had occasion to compare two Wellesley girls whose examples were more forceful than any verbal commentary on this subject. One had a task assigned hard to perform, but no more difficult than her ability justified. She permitted the demon of worry to be her guest. Always thinking, frequently talking, about the obstacles in her way, when she should have made a brave beginning of the work, her health became seriously impaired, the lives of her friends were made miserable by the constant demand for a sympathy which they felt to be worse than useless, and the task itself was unsatisfactorily performed. While this unnecessary tragedy was in progress, another girl was going through an experience of such perplexity as afforded a clear field for worry of an aggravated description. At first she seemed to yield, but, rousing herself with a great effort, she rose superior to circumstances, and finished the term in a way that would have done credit to a much older person. If Freshmen would only bear in mind that work and worry are diametrically opposed, and would face the former and scorn the latter, it is no exaggeration to prophesy that they would accomplish their college course with a minimum of strain and a maximum of success.

——— '94.

The warm days of last June and the sight of the fagged-out Senior haunting reference tables, or settling herself for her final cram with all her old-time vigilance and with all the hurry and rush of her lower-class sisters, brings to one's mind the question, "Why is there not a Senior vacation?" Is the grinding of the last grind so very important, and are there not other things more important to her and to the college? What is gained by it? If the Senior is to be counted worthy of graduation, has she not demonstrated this fitness before the end of the fourth year? And if she has not done work worthy of her degree during the quiet of the four years, is there any probability of her doing it in the excitement of the last two weeks? The experience of many a one, I am sure, would confirm the statement that this last work does not represent her best, and that it is a grief to her to leave as the crowning achievement of her college course the hasty paper or

examination, crowded in between visits to teachers' agencies, all the press of final class and committee work, and the entertainment of the many June visitors. It may be that there is doubt felt whether good semester work would be done by the class which had no fear of examination hanging over it; but surely something must be radically wrong with the body of Seniors who have not in all their Wellesley experience learned to care enough for study for its own sake to save them from the need of an examination spur. However, the success of certain courses in which the spring examination is omitted suffices to prove that this fear is groundless.

Are there not other things of more value in these last two weeks? The Senior is just leaving the place where, very likely, she has spent the happiest four years of her life; she is leaving the friends who have become the closest and dearest of any. There are so many things she longs to do before she leaves,—things left undone because college work was always given the first place,—must they be left undone forever? There are so many friends she has hastened by in the busy weeks of the year; must they be passed by to the end when diverging paths shall carry them far away? The brief space of time which may remain after work is done, does not give opportunity for these things, for then the many visitors from abroad have arrived, and formality has taken the place of the old companionship. If the Senior could conscientiously and care free take enjoyment in teachers and classmates and in the beauties of *Alma Mater* for the last two weeks of the year, would she not leave with a tenderer love for the college for which in days past she had cheerfully worked? And would not the brighter and fresher countenance which would come of her outdoor rambles and adequate rest do a greater service to *Alma Mater* than her last cram, as the Commencement friends gather, and as she goes out to stand in society as the Wellesley graduate?

B., '94.

THE word "mob" calls up visions of anarchists and lynchers. No one would associate young ladies with such a disagreeable and illegal assembly; and yet, in the opening days of Wellesley, we are forcibly reminded that the power for forming a rabble is not confined to men alone. Not a few college girls have evolved the theory, that elbows are a means of warfare and locomotion also, when forcibly applied to the anatomies of their nearest neighbors.

It is said that the age of the supremacy of brute force is past, but it might be hard to convince a girl who is five feet two of this fact, after a girl who is five feet seven, with other measurements in proportion, has energetically prodded her with sharp elbows, and then ruthlessly jammed her against the wall, breathless and wrathful.

The principle "every girl for herself" is universally adopted, and the result can be imagined. No quarter is given or received, and the law of the survival of the fittest is beautifully exemplified.

N. O., '96.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held on Saturday evening, September 29th. Miss Hoyt, '98, Misses Howland, Evans, Gordon, Trebein, Purington, Smith, and Craig, '97, were initiated into the Society. Miss Burrell, Miss Roberts, Dr. Brewster, Miss Stewart, Miss Meader, Miss Hoyt, Miss Conyngton, Miss Grenell, Miss Conant, Miss Bigelow, and Miss Luther were present at the meeting.

The Agora had not held its first meeting before the Magazine went to print.

The regular meeting of Society Phi Sigma was held Saturday evening, October 6th. The following new members were initiated: Misses Shaw, Dalzell, May, Ladd, Brooks, of the Class of '97. Miss White, Miss Eager, Miss Hill, Miss Clement, Miss Lance, Miss Geraldine and Miss Bertha Longley, Miss Stanwood, Miss Carter, and Miss Bailey were present at the meeting.

The Society Tau Zeta Epsilon held its initiation in Tau Zeta Epsilon Hall, Saturday evening, September 29th. The following members were received into the Society: Miss Elfie Graff, '97; Miss Grace M. Dennison, '97; Miss Frances A. Carpenter, '97; Miss M. Bessie Gates, '97; Miss Warrene Piper, '97; and Miss Edith Meade, '97.

The regular programme meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in Hathaway Hall, Saturday evening, September 29th. The Society received into its membership Miss Gertrude Rushmore, '97; Miss Florence M. Painter, '97; Miss Mary W. Allen, '97; Miss Elfie A. Work, '97; Miss

Susan W. Dodge, '97; Miss Louise R. Loomis, '97; Miss Geneva Crumb, '97. The programme of the evening was as follows:—

Shakespeare News . . . . . Juliet Duxbury.
Life of Shakespeare . . . . . Christine Caryl.
Dramatic Representation: "The Taming of the Shrew," Act IV. Scene V.
Song: "Who is Sylvia?" . . . . Cornelia Park.
"Our Year's Work" . . . . . Gertrude Wilson.
Dramatic Representation: "A Winter's Tale," Act V. Scene III.

There was a social meeting of the Classical Society, Monday evening, October 1st; Professor Lord, Edith Dexter, '95, Elizabeth Haines, '96, and Julia Randall, '97, were initiated.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Sunday, October 21st.—Rev. J. V. Garton, Cambridge, Mass.
Monday, October 22d.—Concert.
Sunday, October 28th.—Rev. C. H. Richards, D.D., Philadelphia.
Sunday, November 4th.—Rev. Wm. P. Merrill, Germantown.
Sunday, November 11th.—Prof. O. A. Curtis, Boston University.
Sunday, November 18th.—Rev. B. F. Hamilton, D.D., Roxbury.
Monday, November 19th.—Concert.

COLLEGE NOTES.

College opened on Thursday, September 20th, with a Freshman Class numbering 250. As in the last three years, the opening week has been one of delightful fall weather.

Two new buildings have been added to the College. One is a new dormitory, Fiske Cottage, and the other is the new Science Building.

The boathouse is resplendent in a coat of fresh paint. There is the '94 green, surely, but where shall we look for the silver?

Changes within keep pace with changes without. The old Chemistry Lecture Room and its adjacent laboratory have become Lecture Rooms 1 and 2. The laboratories for advanced Chemistry at the west end of the

fourth floor have become in one case a pleasant, newly furnished recitation room, called R; in the other, a suite of rooms for two students. To the dismay of all who were congratulating themselves on having at last surely placed Room Q, this has become Room N, while Room M has entirely disappeared. A wild search for the right room is now almost invariably the excuse for tardiness.

On Saturday evening, September 22d, the Christian Association gave its annual reception to the College in special honor of the new students. Professor Irvine, the acting President of the College, Miss Stratton, and Miss Cornelia Huntington, the new president of the Christian Association, received the guests in the Browning Room. Lemonade was served throughout the evening, and the Glee and Banjo Clubs added to the pleasure of the students, especially the new girls. This reception is a pleasant way of making the strangers acquainted with the members of the college.

Sunday, September 23d, was the Flower Sunday of 1894, and, to the delight of all, was a beautiful, sunny day. The chapel platform was a mass of palms, potted plants, and flowers, and the room was crowded with girls in light summer gowns, eager to hear Mr. Moody, who had not visited the College for some years before. The sermon was on the text always set apart for Flower Sunday, "God is love." Mr. Moody held two other services during the day, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening, and in both cases spoke to a full chapel.

On Tuesday evening, September 25th, the Sophomore Class serenaded the Freshman with college and class songs; the music was enjoyed by the other classes as well.

As Professor Whiting has left College Hall to take charge of Fiske Cottage, Miss Lord now presides at the guest table.

Two changes in college rules have been announced. Silent time is no more, but all students are expected to be in their rooms at quarter of ten. Excuses are no longer required for absence from chapel or college appointments.

On Thursday evening, October 4th, the annual memorial service for Mr. Durant was held in the chapel. Mrs. Irvine, Acting President, presided at the meeting, which was opened by a hymn, reading of Scripture, and prayer by

Miss Stratton. Then followed short addresses by Miss Clarke, Miss Whiting, and Miss Lord, giving many reminiscenses of their personal acquaintanee with Mr. Durant. Between the addresses the Beethoven Society and Glee Club sang Smart's "The Lord is my Shepherd," and Rubenstein's "Wanderer's Night Song." The Rev. Mr. Mayo, of Boston, pronounced the benediction.

During the summer vacation three parties of children and young women, chosen by the residents of Denison House, were entertained at the College. The Art Building, boating on Waban, and luncheon under the trees proved sources of enjoyment for all, and it was a cause for regret that lack of money prevented more frequent repetition of the pleasure. Thanks are due Mr. Diehl and Mr. Bailey for giving transportation free of charge.

The *Educational Review* for September contains articles by members of last year's class in experimental psychology.

On Saturday evening, October 6th, the Sophomore Class entertained the Freshman Class in the centers of the first and second floors of College Hall. The decorations in yellow and olive, the class colors, the trimmings of white pine, the dainty daffodil souvenirs, and the very effective representation of the class crest at the end of the south corridor, were all admired and appreciated by the guests. Mrs. Irvine, Miss Evans, president of '97, Miss Graff, vice president in the place of Miss Wilt, and Miss Hoyt, chairman of '98, received the members of the Faculty and the members of '98 in the reception room. Misses Work, Trowbridge, Loomis, Allen, and Ordway acted as ushers. At intervals during the evening the Glee Club sang, "All Hail to the College Beautiful," "Boo-hoo," and "O, Thou Tupelo." The "Wellesley Art Gallery," at the foot of the staircase on the first floor, was a great source of amusement, from "Loneliness,—a Marine,"—portrayed by a line of Freshman handkerchiefs hung up to dry,—to the Senior cap and gown,—"Won by Labor." On the second floor dainty refreshments were served. The reception was voted a great success by all who were privileged to enjoy it.

Meanwhile, on the third floor, the Specials were enjoying their social, which always occurs on the same evening with the Sophomore reception. With music by the Glee Club, solos by Miss Cottle, delicious refreshments and pleasant conversation, the evening was a most enjoyable one.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Alice W. Kellogg, '94, is teaching English and Latin in the Girls' Classical School, 2034 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

During the month of September the following alumnæ visited the College: Miss Fannie Brown, '88, Miss Helen Storer and Miss Emma Teller, '89, Miss Belle Sherwin, '90, Miss Dora Emerson, Miss May Patterson, Miss Emily Stewart, Miss Grace Underwood, '92, Miss Delarue Howe, Miss Mildred Feeny, '93, Miss Clara Stanwood, '94.

At the annual meeting of the Electoral Board of the C. S. A., held in New York, May 19, 1894, Mrs. Adeline Emerson Thompson, '80, was re-elected president, and Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, made secretary.

The meeting of the Alumnæ Chapter of the College Settlements Association was held in Room D on Commencement evening. A constitution was adopted, and a report of the work done toward increase of Settlement interest among Wellesley alumnæ reported. Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, as elector, and Miss Grace Andrews, '89, as secretary and treasurer, were continued in office.

Miss Caroline M. Dresser, '90, is on the committee on residents for the New York College Settlement for the coming winter.

Mrs. Prince, '91–'93, is a member of the committee on residents for the Boston College Settlement. Her address is West Newton, Mass.

Mrs. Charlotte Rose Stanley, '88, is living in Elmira, N. Y.

Miss Bertha Bailey, '88, is teaching in Mademoiselle Ruel's school in New York City, and boarding in New Rochelle.

Among the Wellesley alumnæ at Chautauqua during the past summer, were Mrs. Louise Palmer Vincent, '86, Mrs. Angie Hatton Hume, '88, Flora Smeallie, '86, Ada Wing, '86, Evelyn Barrows, '85, Maud Wilkinson, '89, Daisy Jackson, Mary Wheeler, '88, Mary Petrie, Mary Blauvelt, '89. Miss Mary Blauvelt continues to teach Greek and History in Elmira College, Elmira, N. Y.

Miss Anne Adams, '89, is teaching in the High School, Norwood, Mass.

Miss Harriet L. Constantine, '89, is teaching Latin in the Newton High School. She will live at home, 453 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Eleanor Gamble, '89, read a letter on the teaching of the classics, before the State Teachers' Convention in Saratoga, N. Y., in July. She and Miss Kyle, '91, continue their positions in the Plattsburgh State Normal School.

Miss Ethel Paton, '89, instructor in the Department of History of Art, spent the summer abroad, in company with Miss Denio.

Miss S. Louise Magone, '89, returns to her position as instructor in Latin and History in the High School at Ironwood, Mich.

Miss Maud Wilkinson, '89, is again teaching in Kalamazoo College.

Miss Emily Meader and Miss Elizabeth Hoyt, '91, spent Sunday, September 30th, at the College. They, with Miss Helena Gregory, '91, have resumed their positions in the Providence, R. I., High School.

Miss Louise Hannum and Miss Harriet Tuell, both of '91, received the degree of Ph.D. at Cornell, in June, '94.

Miss May D. Newcomb, '91, and Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, visited their classmates Miss Theo Kyle, '91, and Miss Eleanor Gamble, '89, in Plattsburgh, N. Y., immediately after Commencement in June.

Miss May Douglas Newcomb, '91, is teaching Literature and History at Waterman Hall, Sycamore, Ill.

Miss Maud M. Taylor, '91, who has been spending the summer in the East, is to teach this winter in Portland, Ore. Her address will be 634 Flanders Street, Portland.

Miss Ada Woolfolk, '91, has returned to the New York College Settlement as assistant head worker.

The engagement of Miss Sallie Reid, '91, is announced.

Mrs. Lucy White Thwing, '91, is in Madison, Wis., where her husband has a position in the State University.

Miss May West, '91, is preceptress in Canajoharie High School, N. Y. Miss Meader, '91, spent the month of August with Miss West.

Miss Louise Pope, '91, is teaching in the Springfield, Ohio, Seminary.

The engagement of Miss Carrie Hardwick, '93, to Rev. E. V. Bigelow, of Cohasset, is announced.

Miss Florence Hoopes, '93, has visited Miss Harriet Blake, '94, in her summer home in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Miss Hoopes has also been visiting Miss Elinor Ruddle, '93, during the month of September.

Miss Adelaide Miller, '94, spent the summer at Magnolia Beach.

Miss Caroline Newman, '93, is teaching in Pilot Grove Seminary, Pilot Grove, Mo.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, read a paper before the University Union of Chicago University, on May 11, 1894, that won the $50 prize. The title of the paper was "The Building of a Tragedy." Miss Wilkinson is now president of the University Union. During the summer she taught a class in Spenser's "Faerie Queen" at the Rockford Summer School. Since then she has been taking up Old English at the U. of C. During this year she is writing and keeping house. Her address is 361 Fifty-Eighth Street, Chicago.

Miss Roberta Allen, formerly of '93, is visiting in Brookeville, Md.

Miss Gertrude Bigelow, '93, is again teaching in the Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass., and also studying at the Boston Normal School of Cookery.

Miss Louise Brown, '93, is teaching Mathematics and Science in the High School, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Annie M. Reynolds, '76–'78, has been appointed World's Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. Her headquarters are to be in London, but the position will involve extensive travel on the Continent. Her first work was in connection with the August conference in Neuchatel, Switzerland.

Miss Dora Freeman, '80, was head worker at Denison House, Boston College Settlement, during July and August.

The address of Margaret Payson Waterman, '81, is 12 East 11th Street, New York.

The address of Sophia Lewis Brewster, '80, is 39 Washington Square, West, New York City.

An article on the new Boston Public Library in the September number of the *Art Interchange*, is written by Estelle M. Hurll, '82.

Dr. Mary Jones Brewster, '83, has the appointment as house surgeon at the New England Hospital for Women and Children, Dimock Street, Roxbury.

Miss Abbe Carter Goodloe, '89, will spend the winter in New York in literary work.

Miss Mary O. Hoyt, M.D., '89, is established in practice at Keokuk, Iowa.

Miss Harriet Stone, '88, and Miss Isabelle Stone, '89, continued their studies during the summer term at the University of Chicago.

Miss Leo Lebus, '89, is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore.

Miss Edith Sturges, '89, and M. D., University of Michigan, '94, has accepted a position in the Dispensary at Johns Hopkins.

Miss Mary Sturges, formerly of '93, spent last year at the University of Chicago.

Miss Carol Dresser, '90, will be a resident in the New York Settlement during another winter.

Miss Ethel Glover, '90, spent the summer term at the University of Chicago, engaged in the study of History. She will continue at the University until Christmas.

The address of Mrs. Jane Corey Lindsay, '90, for the coming winter will be 226 Huntington Avenue, Boston.

The address of Mrs. Helen Harris Dutcher, M.D., Special at Wellesley, '87–'90, is 94 Fullerton Avenue, South Montclair, New Jersey.

Miss Emily Brown, '90, is Professor of Science at Downes College, Fox Lake, Wisconsin.

Miss Anne Bosworth, '90, was studying Mathematics and Astronomy at the University of Chicago during the summer term.

Miss Evangeline Hathaway, '90, has been traveling in Europe during the summer, and will study at Oxford during this year.

Miss Belle Sherwin, '90, and Miss Martha McCaulley, '92, have gone abroad for two years' study and travel.

Miss Grace Grenell, '93, spent Sunday, September 30th, at College. Miss Grenell has returned to her school, Milton, N. H.

Miss Bessie Kellogg, '93, spent the summer at Buzzard's Bay, and visited the College in September.

Miss Adelaide Smith, '93, is studying at the University of Chicago.

The engagement of Miss Edith White, '93, to Mr. Richard Norton, of Cambridge, is announced.

Miss Annie B. Tomlinson, '93, is teaching in the Shelton High School, Shelton, Conn.

Miss Gertrude Angell, '94, is spending a few weeks with her classmate, Miss Helen Foss, in the Catskills.

Miss Sarah H. Bixby, '94, is engaged to Arthur Sherman Smith.

Miss Harriet Blake, '94, is visiting her classmate, Miss Helen Stahr.

Miss Lucy Brownell, '94, will be at home this winter, Newport, R. I.

Miss Julia Burgess, '94, is at home, Silver Creek, N. Y.

Miss Mary Conyngton, '94, was at the Boston College Settlement in August.

Mrs. Ellen Gow, first Professor of Moral Science at Wellesley, after some months in Chicago, is now living at Northampton.

Professor Wenckebach, Frl. M. Müller, Frl. Habermeyer and Frl. Beinhorn, spent the summer months at home in Germany.

Miss Vida D. Scudder spent several months in Florence, working in Italian. From a recent letter she was in the high Alps, near Interlaken. She expects to return to America sometime in December.

"Dr. Helen Baldwin, Wellesley, '88, has just taken high honors in her examination at the Medical School at the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Baldwin's home is in Canterbury, Conn. For a year after her graduation at Wellesley she remained at the college as instructor in Physics. The next year she studied in the Medical School at Michigan University, and during another year she was in the New York Infirmary. Since that time she has been in Philadelphia." — *Boston Herald.*

Miss Sophonisba Breekenridge, '88, is teaching Latin and Mathematics in the Girl's Seminary, Staunton, Va.

Miss F. T. Brown, '88, is teaching Latin, Greek, and Psyehology in Charleston, S. C.

Miss Marion Gurney, '88, is doing mission work in New York City.

Miss Lena MeMaster, '88, is again teaehing at her home, Greenwich, N.Y.

Miss May E. Cook, '88, has classes in Literature at the Oak Park High Sehool two days per week.

Miss Jessie Claire MeDonald, '88, sailed for Europe in July to be gone a year.

Miss Lillian Miner, '88, is teaehing in Shepardson College, Granville, Ohio.

Miss Edith Wilkinson, '88, has returned to her position in the Hyde Park High School, Chieago, Ill.

Miss Amelia Hall, '84, is again teaching at Walnut Hill Sehool, and doing work toward her Master's degree at Wellesley.

Mrs. Kari Gamble McCoull, '86, spent the summer with Mrs. Maryette Goodwin Maekey, '87, in Sandusky, Ohio.

The engagement of Miss Aliee Dixon, '87, is annouueed.

Miss Mary Lowe Stevens, '89, has returned from California, and will be at home in Boston this winter.

Miss Mary Stinson, '89, has been made President of the Wellesley Philadelphia Club.

Miss Alice Libby, '89, sailed for Europe, August 15th, to be gone a year. She will spend the winter in Paris.

The address of Mrs. Mary Edwards Twitchell, '89, is 20 Clifton Plaee, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Helen Holmes, '89, is studying kindergarten in Boston this winter.

The friends of Mrs. Mary Walker Porter, '89, will be sorry to know of the death of her brother-in-law.

Miss Essie Thayer and Miss Carrie Field, both of '89, are visiting their classmate, Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, in Norristown, Penn.

Miss Jeanette Welsh, '89, Fellow of the Chicago Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ at Hull House, and student at the University of Chicago, has been ill with gastric fever, but will resume her work in Biology with the new term.

Harriet Emily Tuell, '91, is teaching History in the Milton High School the present year.

Miss Harriet Elizabeth Balch, '92, is studying at the Woman's Medical College, New York. Her address is 321 15th Street.

Miss Edith Bancroft, '92, is teaching Greek in the Mt. Hermon School, Franklin County, Mass.

The address of Miss Emily Briggs, '92, is 693 Los Rubles Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

Miss Helen Cook and Miss Gertrude Spaulding, both of '92, visited their classmate, Miss Martha McCaulley, during the summer.

Miss Helen Cook, '92, is teaching again at Walnut Lane School, Philadelphia, a Wellesley preparatory.

The address of Miss Blanche L. Clay, '92, is Laconia, N. H.

Miss Mary McLean and Miss Gertrude Smith, with former members of '92, have returned to college.

Miss Agnes Holbrook, '92, is in Colorado, on account of her health.

Miss Helen Hill, '92, will be at home during the coming winter.

Miss Ermina Ferris, '92, has returned to the English department in the High School at San Bernardino, Cal., for another year.

Miss Maddocks, '92, is teaching in a school for boys in Hyde Park, Chicago, and has also a house for university students. She has recently broken her arm, but manages to do the work of two people, as usual.

Miss Gertrude Spaulding, '92, is teaching English and Literature at Mary Institute, St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Florence Annette Wing, '92, is teaching in Norwood, Mass.

Miss Addie Bonney, '94, will be at her home during the winter.

Miss Louise Cook, '94, is teaching in the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Florence Davis, '94, will remain at home in Dorchester this winter.

Miss Helen Foss, '94, spent the summer in the Catskills, and is now studying German Literature and Music, at Bryn Mawr.

Miss Mabel Keller, Mus., '94, spent the summer in Pennsylvania. She is now working in Music under Professor Hill's direction.

Miss Millicent Pierce, '94, is teaching in the High School at Tonawanda, N. Y. Her engagement to Mr. J. T. Potter is announced.

Miss Harriet Blake, '94, will return to her home in Philadelphia, November 1st, when she expects to study German, and perhaps Economics.

Miss Anna Peterson, '94, is at home, McGregor, Iowa.

Miss Levenia Smith, '94, has accepted a position in the Diocesan School at Burlington, Vt.

Miss Helen Stahr, '94, is to teach at her home in Lancaster this winter.

Miss Florence Tobey, '94, is at home, Roxbury, Mass.

Miss Mary H. Holmes, '94, is doing graduate work at College.

Miss Artie Stone, '94, has accepted a position in the Dayton, O., High School.

Miss Lillian B. Quinby, '94, is teaching Science in the Norwood, Mass., High School.

Miss Elizabeth Tuttle, '94, will spend the winter at her home, East Corning, N. Y.

Miss Jane Williams, '94, is teaching English in the Lake Eric Seminary, Painesville, O.

Miss Gail Laughlin, '94, at present is doing some writing for the *American Economist* of New York, the organ of the American Protective Tariff League. She has also been keeping books during the summer.

Miss Grace Dewey, '85, Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, and Miss Charlotte T. Sibley, '91, took their M. A.'s in June, 1894, at Wellesley.

Miss Clara Grover, '79–'81, Miss Wilhelmina Duurloo, '81, Miss Georgia Gates, '82, Miss Netta Sawyer, '83–'86, Miss Mary Kneil, '86, Miss M. L. Ingalls, '88–'90, '93–'94, and Miss Anna Olsson, '90, are teaching in the Brooklyn, N. Y., High School for girls.

Miss Adeline Teele, '89–'92, '93–'94, is teaching in the Home School, Everett, Mass.

Miss Edith Foulke, formerly of '95, is teaching in St. Paul, Minn.

Miss R. C. Temple, formerly of the Eliot, is again teaching music in Ashburnham, Mass.

Miss Marion Canfield, '94, has accepted the position of secretary in the Cathedral School of St. Mary, Garden City, L. I.

Miss Eleanore N. Kellogg, '94, has accepted a position in the Norwich, N. Y., High School as a teacher of Science.

Emily Foley, '93, sailed for Europe, September 22d, on the steamer Abdam, Netherland line.

Miss Catherine Collins, '94, will spend the winter at her home in Covington, Ky.

Miss May Lemer, '94, has a position as teacher in the Harrisburgh High School.

Miss Frances Lucas, '93, has taken a class in Virgil in Wooster College, Wooster, O.

Miss Marion Mitchell, '94, will spend the winter in Boston, studying music.

Miss Josephine P. Simrall will spend the winter at home, engaged in free kindergarten work.

Miss Mary R. Russell, '94, is teaching in the Winthrop, Mass., High School.

Miss Grace H. Perkins, '94, is teaching in the Arlington, Mass., High School.

BOOK REVIEW.

The Roman Pronunciation of Latin. Frances E. Lord.

In the past, few points have been more hotly contested by classicists, there are, perhaps, few subjects to-day on which a greater divergence of opinion prevails, than the pronunciation of Latin. Three methods are still in use,—the English, the Continental, and the Romanic; and of those who use the last-named method, all do not agree on the sounds which should be given to the diphthongs and the consonantal u. All who have to wrestle with the pronunciation of Latin by Freshmen in college, must wish for some uniform standard. But the question may be asked, "How shall this uniformity be secured?" "Who is competent to speak, and so to support his statements, that they shall commend themselves to the judgment of those who are seeking light on this obscure subject?"

We would refer all such questioners to a little book lately issued by Ginn & Co., Boston: "The Romanic Pronunciation of Latin," by Frances E. Lord. This book bears the marks of much research and long and patient study. Portions of it were prepared many years ago for the use of Professor Lord's own department. Every statement is buttressed by an array of quotations from Latin writers which seems convincing, yet there is no attempt to dictate or dogmatize. This book, so modest and yet so scholarly, ought to be in the hands of every teacher and of all advanced students of Latin. It should at the very least be hospitably received and carefully examined. The attention of those now using the Romanic pronunciation is called to the discussion of the sounds of the diphthongs and the consonantal u.

The first and larger part of the book is given to the sounds of the letters. Due attention is also paid to Quantity, Accent, and Pitch. In an examination of the book the Introduction should not be passed over, and the last chapter, "How to Use It," is a fitting conclusion to the whole. All who love the Romanic pronunciation of Latin, who feel its simplicity and its beauty, will welcome this little book as affording a reasonable ground for their preference, and those who yet adhere to the earlier methods are urged to give it a careful and unprejudiced perusal.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Extraits Choisis des Oeuvres de Paul Bourget, edited and annotated by Alphonse N. Van Daell. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Child Life in Art, by Miss Estelle Hurll. Boston: Joseph Knight & Co. $2.00.

A History of the United States, by Allen C. Thomas, A.M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.25.

MARRIED.

Murray–Northey.—On June 28, 1894, at Greenbush, Mass., Miss Isabel Northey, '92, to Mr. Charles Thompson Murray.

Munn–Ewing.—On May 19, 1894, Miss Evarts Ewing, formerly '91, to Major Curtis E. Munn, Surgeon United States Army. Address, Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama.

Bates–Belfield.—On Sept. 4, 1894, Miss Clara Belfield, '92, to Mr. Bates. Mr. and Mrs. Bates will live at Hotel Barry, 59th Street, Chicago.

BORN.

At Somerville, Mass., July 19, 1894, a son, Arthur William, to Mrs. Alice Jones Studd, Wellesley, '93. This is the Honorary Baby of '93.

May 21, 1894, a daughter, Natalie, to Mrs. Susie H. Bean Gray, '85–'87, in Chicago, Ill.

July 14, 1894, a daughter, Faith, to Mrs. Elizabeth Bean Willcox, formerly of '91, in Stamford, Conn.

DIED.

At Mamaroneck, N. Y., July 16th, Margaretta Rose, a special student at Wellesley, 1884–86.

It is with sorrow that we learn of the death of the mother of Miss Maria R. Russell, at her home in Devonshire, England, on October 4th.

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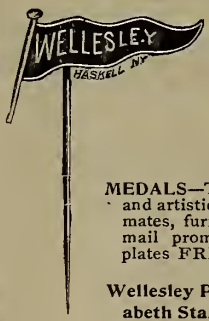

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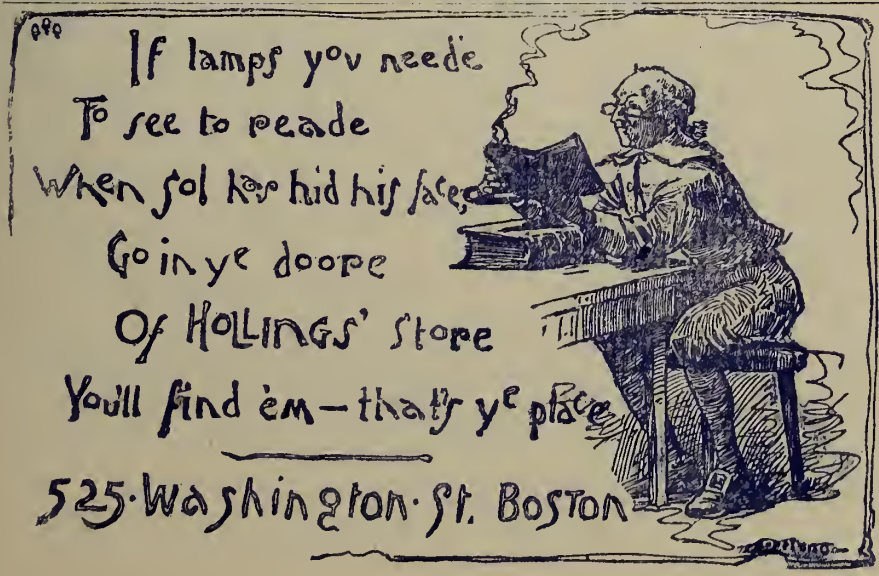

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